



FLYING MONSTERS SONGBOOK



Nationalhymne

Einigkeit und Recht und Freiheit für das deutsche Vaterland.
Danach lasst uns alle streben, brüderlich mit Herz und Hand,
Einigkeit und Recht und Freiheit sind des Glückes Unterpfand,
Blüh' im Glanze dieses Glückes, blühe deutsches Vaterland.

Bayernhymne

Gott mit dir du Land der Bayern, Heimerde, Vaterland!
Über deine weiten Gaue, walte seine Segenshand!
Er behüte deine Fluren, schirme deiner Städte Bau
und erhalte dir die Farben deines Himmels weiß und blau!

Fliegerweisheit

Hoch über den Wolken im Banne des Lichts
versinken die Ängste und Sorgen im Nichts.

Vergessen ist alles was lang uns gequält,
dort wo das Herz von der Sonne gestählt.

Armselige Menschen ans Erdreich gebannt,
Ihr schreitet so schwer und mühsam durchs Land.

Wir aber jubeln und jauchzen im Licht,
bevor der Tod uns die Flügel zerbricht.

Bevor zu Ende das irdische Sein,
sehen wir froh in den Himmel hinein.

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**The business of the Air Force is Flying and Fighting!!!!
The busines of those who don´t, is to support those who do!!!!**

This Songbook is dedicated to all Flying Crews

Made by Angel (Lechfeld)

This Songbook belongs to

and has been produced solely with private funds, and without service support. It contains favourite songs from the flying community, some of which seem offensive to non-flyers; **therefore it is not an official 322 Sqn product.**

Flying Monster Song

We are dirty Bastards,
Scum of the earth,
Filth of creation,
Mother-Fuckin' son of a bitchin' fornicator.

known in every whorehouse,
smoke, drink and screw,

we are the FLYING MONSTERS,
Who the fuck are You???



Hail to the Monsters

Hail to the Monsters, hail to 3-2-2
Monsters on a mission, men who fight for you

Flying ECR by night and day,
killing SAMs which are in our way
fight on, fight on - victory's for you
Boys from 3-2-2.

322 is in the Bar tonight

322 is in the Bar tonight a little bit pissed and a little bit tight,
322 is in the Bar tonight and the CO says it's gonna be alright.

(Next) Verse same as the first, a little bit louder and a little bit worse.
(Start very quiet, get louder & louder each new verse until U scream)

Stark wie noch nie

Fliegen das ist unser Leben, SAM -Sites gibt es viel zu viel.
Darum schießen wir die Monster uns're HARM auf jedes Ziel.
Die Crews in uns'rer Staffel sind die besten Crews der Welt,
Sie sind treu wie gute Freunde für die nur Fliegen zählt.

Wir sind stark wie noch nie, stark wie noch nie!
Wir haben MONSTER - POWER uns zwingt keiner in
die Knie.
Wir sind stark wie noch nie, stark wie noch nie!
Die FLYING MONSTERS die sind jetzt stark wie nie!



Wir fliegen ECR - TORNADO

Hier bei uns im Süden, wo wir Flying Monsters fliegen,
Hier sind wir zu Hause, kein Tiger wird uns jemals kriegen.

In uns'ren Kampfmaschinen steig'n wir zur Sonne empor.
Wir kämpfen bis wir siegen, uns macht keiner was vor.

Wir fliegen ECR - TORNADO
fliegen ECR - TORNADO.
Wir fliegen ECR - TORNADO.
und singen Horrido Johooh. (2x)

Shalala-lalalalala (3x).....

We are the FLYING MONSTERS!!!



Die grauen TORNADOS

Die grauen TORNADOS ziehen hoch über Land und Meer,
und wo sie erscheinen da fliehen die Feinde vor ihnen her.
Wir lassen sie nicht kriegen
und schießen die HARM in's Ziel.
Wir schützen die anderen Flieger,
das wird jedem Gegner zu viel.

Wir sind die grauen Husaren der Luft,
die MONSTER, die MONSTER, die MONSTER!
Immer bereit wenn der Einsatz uns ruft,
die MONSTER, die MONSTER, die MONSTER!

Wir stürzen vom Himmel und schlagen zu, wir fürchten die Hölle
nicht und geben's zu.
Wir kämpfen bis dass der Feind besiegt. Bis Frieden, bis Frieden, bis Frieden wieder
siegt.
Die MONSTER, die MONSTER, die MONSTER!

322 - SUPERSTARS

2-2 Superstars, we are even better than we think we are!!!
3-2-2 Superstars, we are even better than we think we are!!!



3-

QUE SERA

When I was just a little boy, I asked my father what will I be?
Will I be Pilot? Will I be Nav? Here's what he said to me:
Que sera, sera, Three-Two-Two will always be, will be,
the champion of Germany, Three-Two-Two, Three-Two-Two.

Über den Wolken

Wind Nordost, Startbahn 03, bis hier hör'ich die Motoren.
Wie ein Pfeil zieht sie vorbei und es dröhnt in meinen Ohren.
Und der nasse Asphalt bebt, wie ein Schleier staubt der Regen
bis sie abhebt und sie schwebt, der Sonne entgegen.

Über den Wolken, muß die Freiheit wohl grenzenlos sein,
alle Ängste, alle Sorgen sagt man,
bleiben darunter verborgen

und dann, würde was hier groß und wichtig erscheint,
plötzlich nichtig und klein.
Ich seh' ihr noch lange nach, seh' sie die Wolken erklimmen,
bis die Lichter nach und nach, ganz im regengrau verschwinden.
Meine Augen haben schon, jenen winz'gen Punkt verloren,
nur von fern klingt monoton, das Summen der Motoren.

Über den Wolken,

Dann ist alles still, ich geh, Regen durchdringt meine Jacke.
Irgendjemand kocht Kaffee, in der Luftaufsichtsbaracke.
In den Pfützen schwimmt Benzin, schillernd wie ein Regenbogen,
Wolken spiegeln sich darin, ich wär' gern mitgeflogen.

Über den Wolken,.....

Flieger, grüß mir die Sonne

Vom Nordpol zum Südpol ist's nur ein
Katzensprung,
wir fliegen die Strecke bei jeder Witterung.
Wir warten nicht, wir starten, was immer auch geschieht,
durch Wind und Wetter klingt das Fliegerlied.

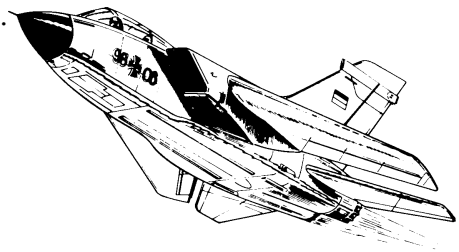
Flieger, grüß mir die Sonne,
grüß mir die Sterne und grüß mir den Mond.
Dein Leben, das ist ein Schweben,
durch die Ferne die keiner bewohnt.

Schneller und immer schneller dreht der Propeller,
so wie's dir gefällt, Piloten ist nichts verboten.
Drum gib Vollgas und flieg um die Welt.
Such dir die schönste Sternenschnuppe aus,
und bring sie deinem Mädels mit nach Haus..... Flieger...



99 Tage Krieg

99 Tage Krieg ließen nur Platz für einen Sieger,
SAM- Controller gibt's nicht mehr und auch keine Abfangjäger.
Heute flieg'ich meine Runde, seh den Feind in Trümmern liegen.
Hab'ne HARM am Rail gefunden,
squeeze sie weg und laß'sie fliegen



Richt'ge Männer wie wir

Richt'ge Männer wie wir und der richtige Wind,
Das macht Spaß Dilljabapp in der Luft Dilljamdaum.
Richt'ge Männer wie wir und ein reizendes Kind,
Das amcht Spaß Dilljabapp in der Luft Dilljamdaum.

Komm und steig bei mir ein,
nichts ist so schön wie ein Flieger zu sein.
Nur wer wagt der gewinnt,
Richt'ge Männer wie wir so im richtigen Wind.

So ein Looping ist schön wenn es donnert und blitzt,
und was kann schon gescheh'n wenn du dicht bei mir sitzt.
Rund um die Welt, das ist gar nicht so weit,
und die Vögel im Wald, ja die platzen vor Neid.

Westerwald - Lied

Heute wollen wir marschier'n,
einen neune Marsch probier'n.
Durch den schönenn Westerwald,
denn dort pfeift der Wind so kalt.

Ohh, du schöner Westerwald,
über deine Höhen pfeift der Wind so kalt.
Jedoch der kleinste Sonnenschein,
dringt tief in's Herz hinein.

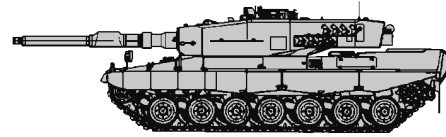
BOSNIEN - LIED

Hoch über Bosniens Höhen die Sonne glüht,
unsere Triebwerksturbinen singen ihr Lied:
Deutsche TORNADOS in Bosnien
fliegen für Frieden in Jugoslawien.
Es grault die SIDEWINDER, es fliegt uns're HARM;
TORNADOS greifen in Bosnien an.
TORNADOS greifen in Bosnien ein.

Panzerlied

Ob's stürmt oder schneit, ob die Sonne uns lacht,
der Tag glühend heiß oder eiskalt die Nacht.
Bestaubt sind die Gesichter, doch froh ist unser Sinn, ist unser Sinn,
es braust unser Panzer im Sturmwind dahin.

Mit donnerndem Motor, so schnell wie der Blitz,
dem Feinde entgegen, im Panzer geschützt.
Voraus den Kameraden, im Kampfe ganz allein, ja
ganz allein,
so stoßen wir tief in die feindlichen Reih'n.



Lili Marleen

Vor der Kaserne, vor dem großen Tor,
stand eine Laterne und steht sie noch davor.
So woll'n wir uns da wieder sehn, bei der Laterne woll'n wir steh'n,
wie einst Lili Marleen, wie einst Lili Marleen.

Unsre beiden Schatten sah'n wie einer aus,
dass wir lieb uns hatten, das sah man gleich daraus.
Und alle Leute soll'n es seh'n, wenn wir bei der Laterne steh'n,
wie einst Lili Marleen, wie einst Lili Marleen.

Schon rief der Posten, sie blasen Zapfenstreich,
es kann 3 Tage kosten, Kamerad ich komme gleich.
Da sagten wir Auf wiederseh'n,
wie gerne woll't ich mit die gehen.
Mit dir Lili Marleen, mit die Lili Marleen.

Deine Schritte kennt sie, deinen zarten Gang,
alle Abend brennt sie, doch mich vergaß sie lang.
Und sollte mir ein Leid' gescheh'n,
wer wird bei der Laterne steh'n,
mit die Lili Marleen, mit die Lili Marleen.

Aus dem stillen Raume, aus der Erde Grund,
hebt mich im Träume dein verliebter Mund.
Wenn sich die späten Nebel drehn,
wird'ich bei der Laterne stehn,
wie einst Lili Marleen, wie einst Lili Marleen.

Kleine Me -109

In den Lüften zieht dahin, hoch im Sonnenschein,
eine kleine Jägerin, Me – Einhundertneun.
Herrscherin im Luftrevier, über Land und See.
Alles muß sich beugen dir, tapfr'e kleine Me.

Horrido, horrido, Herrscherin der Luft allein.
Horrido, oh kleine Me, Herrscherin der Luft allein,
Horrido kleine Me 109. (2x)

In der Wolkenwand versteckt lauert Raubgetier,
Jägerin hat es, entdeckt, stürzt drüberher.
An den Feind schleicht sie heran, bis in die Näh',
schießt bis das der Feind besiegt, tapfré kleine Me.

Horrido, Horrido, Horrido kleine Me – 109.
immer sollst du Sieger sein, Herrscherin der Luft allein,
Horrido , kleine Me-109.
Immer sollst du Sieger sein, Herrscherin der Luft allein,
Horrido, kleine Me-109.

Ein Heller und ein Batzen

Ein Heller und ein Batzen, die waren beide mein, ja mein,
der Heller ward zu Wasser, der Batzen ward zu Wein,
der Heller ward zu Wasser, der Batzen ward zu Wein.

Heidi, heido, heida, heidi, heido, heida.....

Die Wirtsleut und die Mäd'el. die rufen beid': „Oh weh“!
Die Wirtsleut' wenn ich komme, die Mäd'el wenn ich geh' ja geh',
Die Wirtsleut' wenn ich komme, die Mäd'el wenn ich geh', ja geh'.

Schwarzbraun ist die Haselnuss

Schwarzbraun ist die Haselnuss,
schwarzbraun bin auch ich, bin auch ich.
Schwarzbraun muß mein Mäd'el sein, gerade so wie ich.

So wie du, juvi-juvi-di ha-ha-ah.....

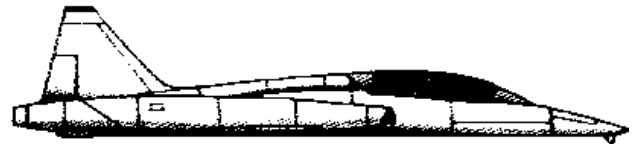
Mäd'el hat mir Busserl geb'n,
hat mjich schwer gekränkt, schwer gekränkt.

Hab' ihr gleich wiedergeben, ich nehme ja nichts geschenkt.

T-38 Song

Take me up , up in the sky, where I'm gonna be flying high.
Take me down and around the clouds where I can play.
I've been high, I've been low and goddamnit, I've been slow,
but she'll be always my best mate, Yeap my T-38.

Oh when I fly her it makes me feel free, as long as I don't over "g",
her and then get feeling I've met,
that the IP hits you over the head
but when you're solo, you're free as can be
in the sky, the clouds and debris
of the twoship you hit over in "GIN"
although that's nowhere to close to where you should have been
Take me up, up in the sky,.....



Then there's that feeling, that feeling I keep
about that time I was still flying "Tweet" (like f. sheep)
yes, when we flew "Blue I and Blue II"
and a mere 300 knots was about all you could do.
But it's all over now, that's all I can say
though one more thing I'd like to mention if I may:

Büchel Tower

Hello Büchel Tower, this is Arrow 74,
please tell me about landing, my back is rather sore.
I'd like to come on in now and put this sucker down
I'm here above this undercast, been airborne for an hour.

Hello Arrow 74, this is Büchel Tower
visibility's decreasing, you may have to go around.
The "Eifelbär" is coming in, but won't you circle twice,
'cause I can't let you in now, I got "DO" at 20 miles.

Hello Büchel Tower, this is Arrow 74,
I'd like to change my frequency to GCA right now
although I'm still pretty good on gas, please understand one thing.
I just don't like diversions, I'd like to come on in.

Hello Arrow 74, you cleared to change your freq.
so go on channel 16 now to let them talk you in.
Now be advised of one more thing, that you might care about
There's another 20 airplanes there, so you just better watch out.

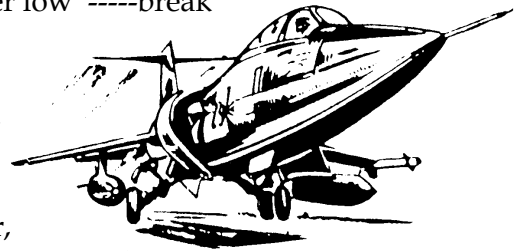
Hello Büchel GCA, this is Arrow 74,
you know that I've circling here for about the last half hour.
I am already squawking, I hope you understand
that I'm trying to get down now without delays or else.

Hello Arrow 74, won't you please ident
You know you're not the only that's airborne in this.....
.....Ahhhh, hello, hello there GCA, here is Flaminco 4
I'am lost over the ocean, please help me, help me , help me down.

Flaminco 4 don't worry, just stay on 210
below you is the "Laacher See", so keep your temper low -----break

Arrow 74 now, you better listen up,
oh won't you turn to 300, it seems you get bad luck.

Büchel GCA now, you better listen here
if you don't let me in now, I'll sure be feeling queer,
Oops! The fuel gage's is down to zero, and it's quiet now up here.
This airplane is a glider now, and I'm gonna leave it here!!!!
.....IIHHAAAAH.....!!

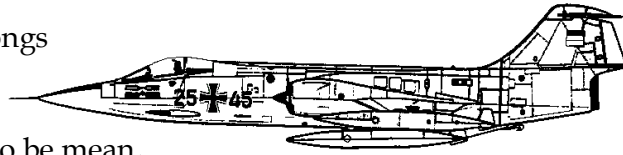


Here's to.....

Here's to....., he's true blue,
he's a drunkard through and through.
He's a drunkard so they say,
He wants to go to heaven, but he went the other way.
So drink chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug,
So drink chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug,
Drink, drink, drink.....[till he's finished his drink!]

Starfighter - Song

This is a Starfighter song, before you see it, it'll be gone
it's the prettiest bird in the sky
Starfighter, moonlight and lovesongs
that's where us 104 jocks belong.



You've gotta be cool, You've got to be mean,
You'll be a fighter pilot down to every seam
You've gotta fly her using your touch
and then this old girl's gonna like you very much.

Starfighter song, before you see it, it'll be long, long gone.....

She's the prettiest plane that you've ever seen,
although, when she's loaded, she looks goddam mean
and when you ride her high she goes way up in the sky,
some people say, they don't know why.
They say she's old, I say she's timeless,
They say she's slow, well I say it's the fastest bird around.

That's why I sing a Starfighter song.....

Yes my 104, she looks like a toy
and to see her fly fills anyone with joy,
but you hear all sorts of comments like: "man - what a deal"
I tell you: Watch out, babe, when it plays for real!
They say she's old, I say she's timeless,
They say she's slow, well I say it's the fastest bird around.

Starfighter song, before you see it, it'll be.....

Oh du gute, alte, liebe, süße 104,
Mensch du Arsch gib mir lieber noch ein Bier.
Mann, es ging so schnell für die, die den falschen Schalter stellten,
Ja, deswegen sieht man die jetzt auch so selten, Starfighter.....

Fighter Pilots

There ain't no fighter pilots down in hell,
Well, there ain't no fighter pilots down in hell!
Oh, the place is full of queers, navigators, bombardiers
but there ain't no fighter pilots down in hell.



There ain't no fighter pilots up in staff,
Well, there ain't no fighter pilots up in staff,
Oh, the place is full of brass, sitting 'round on their fat ass,
but there ain't no fighter pilots up in staff.

The bomber pilots life is just a farce,
Well, the bomber pilots life is just a farce,
while the automatic pilot's on he's reading novels in the john,
oh, the bomber pilots life is just a farce.

Oh, it's naughty, naughty but it's since,
if you ever do it once or twice
it'll wreck your reputation but increase the population
Oh, it's naughty, naughty naughty but it's nice.

Strike song



Please release me, let me go, I don't love you anymore,
I don't care who's friend or foe,
so please release me, let me nuke them till they glow.

I've been sitting "Q" all day long,
and I'm getting sick and tired of this song.
Too long you told me to keep cool,
so release me, 'cause I sure ain't no fool Please...

If you're aware of what I've said,
you'd know I ain't no toy with which I bet.
You don't play games with nukes and yields,
They'll blow up in your face, your ass and heels.

So please release me, let me go,
if you still want the face of earth to glow
to live together ain't no sin,
if you believe that, then pull your nukes back in.

Swing low, Sweet Chariot

Swing low, sweet Chariot, comin' for to carry me home (2x)
I looked over the Jordan and what did I see
comin' for to carry me home,

A band of angels comin' after me, comin' for to carry me home.

-Humming version-

-Silent version-

Unter water version-

You've lost that lovin' feeling

You never close your eyes anymore when I kiss your lips,
and there's no tenderness like before in your fingertips.
You're try it hard not to show it baby, 'cause baby,
baby I know it.

You've lost that lovin' feeling, oh that lovin' feeling,
You've lost that loving feeling, now it's gone , gone, gone.

Now, there's no lovin' look in your eyes when I reach for you,
and so you're starting to criticize everything I do.
It makes me just feel like a crying baby, 'cause baby something
beautiful's dying..... Ref. "You've lost that....."

Baby, baby, I get down on my knees for You,
if you would only love me like I used to do,
we had a love, a love you don't find every day,
So don't, don't, don't, don't let it break away.

Bring back that lovin' feeling, oh that lovin' feeling,
bring back that lovin' feeling, now it's gone, gone, gone
and I can't go on.....

The Highland Tinkler (Foreskin)

The duchess she was dressing, was dressing for the ball,
when she spied a Highland Tinkler urinating on the wall.

With his bloody great kidney wiper and his balls the size of 3
and his yard and a half of forskin, foreskin, foreskin,
hanging down below his knees
Yipee-I-A, Yipee-I-o, foreskin's in the sky.

The duchewss wrote a letter and in it she did write,
I'd rather be fucked by you than by his lordship every night.

The tinkler got a letter and in it he did read,
and his balls began to fester and his prick began to bleed.

The tinkler he got on his horse and rode up to the hall,
and the butler cried: Oh Jesus christ, he's come to fuck us all.

He fucked them up against the wall, he fucked them on the floor,
he fucked them 10times over and still he wanted more.

Some say he went to heaven, some say he went to hell,
some say he fucked the devil and he fucked his wife as well.

I don't want to join the Air Force

I don't want to join the Air Force, I don't want to go to war.
I'd rather hang around Picadilly Underground
Living off the earning of a high born lady.
I don't want a bayonet up my arsehole,
I don't want my bollocks shot away.
I'd rather stay in England, in merry, merry England
and fornicate my fuckin' life away.

Monday I touched her on zhe ankle,
Tuesday I touched her on the knee,
On Wednesday I confess, I lifted up her dress.
Thursday I saw it - Cor Blimey!
Friday I put my hand upon it,
On Sunday after supper, I rammed the fucker up her
and now I'm paying forty bob a week - Cor Blimey!

Sit on my face

Sit on my face and tell me that you love me.
I sit on your face and tell you I love you too.
I love to hear you oralize when I'm between your thighs
You blow me away.

Sit on my face and let my lips embrace you,
I'll sit on your face and I'll love you truly,
Life can be fine when we're both sixtynine,
when we sit on our faces in all sorts of places and play
till we're blown away.

The FAC - Song (Dear Mom)

Dear Mom your son is dead, he bought the farm today.
He crashed his OV-10 on Ho Chi Minh's highway
It was a rocket pass, and he busted his ass... HMM HMM HMM

He went across the fence, to see what he could do,
And there it was as plain as it could be.
It was a truck on the road, with a big heavy load. HMMMM

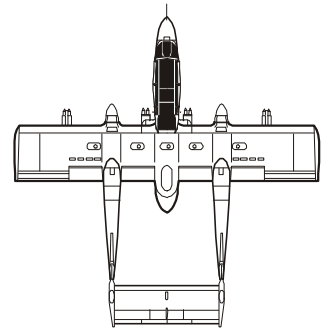
He got right on the horn, and gave the DASC a call.
He said "Send me Air, I've got a truck that stalled".
The DASC said: That's alright, I'll send You the Monster flight.
For I AM THE POWER.

The Fighters checked right in, Harmsshooters two by two.
Low on gas and tanker overdue.
They asked the FAC to mark just where that truck was parked.

The FAC he rolled right in with his smoke to mark.
Exactly where that truck was parked.
But the rest is in doubt, because he never pulled out. HMMMM

(slowly, with great reverence)
Dear Momm you son is dead, he bought the farm today.
He crashed his OV-10 on Ho Chi Minh's highway
It was a rocket pass, and he busted his ass.

HIM, HIM, FUCK HIM!
How did he go? STRAIGHT IN!
What was he doing? 351 KNOTS! Hell of a deal! WHOEEE!



Tampax Factory

You can tell by the bulging that she hasn't been indulging
When the end of the month comes around
You can tell by the string that is hanging from her thing
That the end of the month is around.

And it'Hey, Ho Hee in the tampax factory
Sing your orders loud and clear
Large , medium, small Junior miss and family size

You can tell from the hum that is coming from her bum
that the end of the month is around.
You can tell from the moanin' that she is short of haemoglobin
When the end of the month comes around.

And it'Hey, Ho Hee in the tampax factory
Sing your orders loud and clear
Large , medium, small Junior miss and family size

You can tell by the smell that she isn't verx well
when the end of the month comes around.
You can tell by the stink that she isn't in the pink
When the end of the month comes around.

And it'Hey, Ho Hee in the tampax factory
Sing your orders loud and clear
Large , medium, small Junior miss and family size

Masturbation

Last night I stayed up late and masturbated
It felt so good – I knew it would.
Last night I stayed up late to beat my meat.
It felt so nice – I did it twice.

You should really see me on the short strokes
It feels so grand, I used my hand.
You must really catch me on the long strokes.
It feels so neat, I used my feet.

Shake it, break it, beat it on the floor
Smash it, bash it, thrust it thru the floor
Some people seem to think that fucking is so grand
But for all around enjoyment I rather use my hand.

I fucked a dead whore

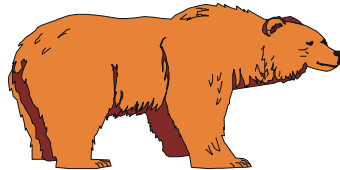
I fucked a deasd whore by the roadside
I knew right away she was dead, (she was dead)
the skin was all gone by her tummy,

The hair was all gone from her head.

As I lay down ther beside her, I knew right away I had sinned.
So I pressed my lips to her sweet pussy
and sucked out the wad I shot in.

Sucked out, sucked out, I sucked out the wad I shot in, shot in.

Yogi Bear



I have a friend nobody knows, Yogi, Yogi,
I have a friend nobody knows, Yogi, Yogi, Bear
Yogi, Yogi Bear, Yogi, Yogi Bear.
I have a friend nobody knows, Yogi, Yogi Bear.

Yogi has an enemy, Ranger Ranger, (Smith)

Yogi has a girlfriend, Cindy, Cindy, (Bear)

Cindy's in to whips and chains, Kinky, Kinky, (Bear)

Cindy likes it on the fridge, Polar, Polar, (Bear)

Yogi has a cheesy knob, Camen, Camen, (Bear)

Yogi does it to himself, Mastur, Mastur, (Bear)

Yogi wears condoms, Careful, Careful, (Bear)

Ranger, he puts holes in it, Bastard, Bastard, (Smith)

Yogi's gone and died of AIDS, Dead, Dead, (Bear)



by "Fortuna"
Feb 2000